

Sweetwater Forerunner.

BY HUGH L. FRY.

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TERMS:

THE FORERUNNER IS PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY
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the time of insertion.

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accompanied by the name of the authors.

The Forerunner.

Sweetwater, Friday, March 20, 1868.

Strange Monstrosity.

A medical friend reports having seen
within the past week, while traveling
through the southern portion of Lincoln
county, a wonderful human monstrosity.

It is a well developed white child of
some ten years of age, walking, talking, eating,
etc., in the most approved juvenile
manner, with a third arm growing from its
back, immediately between the shoulders.
This arm, as called, is no flabby, useless
excrescence, as is common in such freaks
of nature, but a healthy, well-defined limb,
with separate and appropriate bones,
joints, muscles, etc., and applied by its
little owner to a number of strange uses.
In the center of a plate of bone permanently
uniting the shoulder blades, is the
socket or first joint, permitting the limb
to be moved freely in all directions, by
means of several powerful and strangely
complicated muscles. From the socket
extends a large triangular bone—or three
small bones combined—perfectly straight,
and about eight inches in length, terminating
in a short flexible wrist, upon which
closely fits the hand. This hand is somewhat
in the shape and about the size of an
ordinary funnel, with four fingers like
projections at equal distances about the rim.
The fingers have claw-like nails, joints,
etc., and possess the power of opening
and closing as in the ordinary hand, their
grip, however, being much more powerful.
The palm, which seems already
hardened by use, reaches into the wrist,
leaving a small opening from which
constantly issues a dark, viscous discharge
entirely devoid of smell.

At a word from its mother, the child
lifted and carried about with its strange
member a small chair, and other unwieldy
articles, suspended itself from the Doctor's
walking-stick—in fact, went through
evolutions which would put to blush a
well trained monkey.

The Doctor candidly declares that he
deems the case not deformity; that, the
limb, being perfect and harmonizing with
the entire body, is nothing more nor less
than a designed addition to it by its great
Author, and this little boy's birth has
created a blank in natural history. That
he is not of the genus homo is certain,
but whether his strange species will be
prepetuated or not, is a question for the
learned to discuss and time to determine.
Very few are aware of the existence of this
wonderful being, even in the neighborhood
where his parents are said to reside.—
Union and Dispatch.

The German papers are filled with
heartrending details of the famine which
now prevails in Eastern Prussia, in consequence
of the failure of three successive
crops. In a number of places
typhus fever has broken out, and the
misery among thousands of people baffles
all description. The Prussian government
and local committees are making the
utmost efforts to afford as much relief
as possible to the sufferers.

The Bristol News states that Colonel
E. Goodson has sold his farm in Virginia,
one mile north of that town, to Dr. Huffman,
of Pennsylvania, for \$18.50 per acre
in gold. This is a good price for land,
but the farm is one of the most desirable
in all that region. Dr. Huffman has
brought with him four hundred head of
fine, blooded sheep, and intends to engage
largely in sheep husbandry. There is no
finer section for this business than South-
western Virginia and Eastern Tennessee.

An exchange says "rats and vermin
may be driven out of any building by
burning a little sulphur." We should
like to see the experiment tried in the
Capitol at Washington.

Short Paragraphs.

—A beastly exhibition—A menagerie.
—What creeping vine is exactly four
IV.

—A child with six mature teeth was
recently born at North Adams.

—What is higher and handsomer when
the head is off? A pillow.

—If "Beauty draws us by a single hair"
who can withstand a modern waterfall?

—To dream of a bear betokens mischief
which your vision tells you is a bruin.

—A grave mistake—Accidentally burying
a man alive.

—Boston ranks second only to New-
York in the amount of sales and merchandise.

—"Vickey," (the Princess Royal,) while
in the highlands, sat on a wasp's nest and
got stung.

—This announcement appears in a store
window—"Chas. Dickens reduced to fifteen
cents."

—Why are ladies' eyes like persons
separated by distant climes? Because
they correspond, but never meet.

—"Woman is a delusion!" exclaimed a
crusty old bachelor to a witty young lady.
"And man is always hugging some delusion
or other," was the quick retort.

—The Telegram says that Brigham
Young conducts his connubial affairs on
the principal of "large business and short
profits."

—A young lady on being asked what
calling she wished her sweetheart to follow,
blushingly replied, that she wanted him
to be a husbandman.

—The lady parishioners of a New York
clergyman—a bachelor—gave him a very
broad hint a few days ago, by presenting
him with an effigy of a female stuffed with
\$500 in greenbacks.

—"No, Catherine," said Patrick to his
wife, "you never catch a lie coming out of
my mouth." "You may well say that,"
replied Kate, "they fly out so fast that
nobody can catch 'em."

—An Irishman, newly arrived, and a
member of the O'Regan family, was
heard to exclaim, as the steamer Oregon
was passing: "O-r-r-r-g-o-n-l—O'Regan—
he jabs! only four weeks in Ameriky
and a shteamboat called by me name."

—In ancient days the precept was,
"Know thyself." In modern times it
has been supplanted by the far more fashionable
maxim, "Know thy neighbor,
and everything about him."

—"What object do you see?" asked a
surgeon of a patient who had recently un-
dergone an operation to restore his eye-
sight. The young man hesitated a few
moments, and replied: "It appears like a
jackass, doctor, but I rather think it is
your shadow."

—A clergyman happening to get wet,
was standing over the fire to dry his clothes,
and when his colleague came in, he
asked him to preach for him, as he was
very wet. "No, sir, I thank you," was
the prompt reply, "preach yourself; you
will be dry enough in the pulpit."

—A schoolmaster in a neighboring
town, while on his morning walk, passed
by the door of a neighbor who was excavating
a log for a trough. "Why," said the
schoolmaster, "Mr. S., have you not
furniture enough yet?" "Yes," said the
man, "enough for my own family; but I
expect to board the schoolmaster this
winter, and am making my preparations
accordingly."

The Detroit Tribune says the celebrated
fool killer, for whose coming the world
has waited so patiently and so long, has
arrived and gone busily to work. His
name is Kero C. Noyls.

A man passing through a gateway
in the dark, hit his nose against the post.
"I wish that post was in hell," said he.
"Better wish it somewhere else," said a
bystander. "You might run against it
again."

A wicked newspaper reporter says the
short dresses might be called "free and
kneeey!" Horrid man.

The piano was invented at Florence, in
Italy, by Bartholomew Chastofalo, in the
year 1710.

Tight fitting pants and bob tailed coats
are the latest agony, and they reveal some
very ungainly and ludicrous forms.

Jenks says he'd like to know where
Adam got his marriage certificate.

The Evils of Fashion—Corruption among the Women.

From the N. Y. Freeman's Journal.]

Modern school "education" having been
completed for girls, now, doting mothers
who admire "accomplishments" which
they think queer, but accept as the fash-
ions of the "best society," the next thing
is to "get into" this wonderful "good so-
ciety." To do this, Yankee ingenuity
has devised living in city hotels in winter,
and at watering places in summer. Per-
haps the kind mammae urge their daughters
to observe carefully, and copy the
manners of the "fine ladies" they see.
Perhaps the daughters exert their taste in
doing it themselves. A lady friend from
the country came to town last week, and
told a near friend of ours that she had
tried to get a corset made, but was told it
could not be done under two weeks, be-
cause all hands in the large establishments
she visited were engaged in making false
calves for "ladies" who wear the lifting
hoops!

On last Sunday, walking home from
Church through several fashionable
streets, we noticed women walking with
tilting skirts from where they had been
pretending to say their prayers; and on all
the corners, and on hotel fronts, we saw
rows of well dressed blackguards stand-
ing, observing and laughing, and commen-
ting on what these women were exhibit-
ing.

Out on this indecency that would dis-
gust honest Pagans. Let every modest
woman who has been tricked into getting
these traps of the harlot as the latest
"fashion," pull them off and burn them!
Let every parent see to it that his guile-
less daughter is not disgraced by "follow-
ing this fashion." Let masters of house-
holds do the charity to a "servant-maid,"
to provide her with such as are modest,
and forbid her, while in his house, to play
the airs of the wanton!

Why even in Pagan times, when the
men abandoned themselves to the most
vile practices, they tried to keep their wo-
men uncorrupted. What are we coming to?
It is not here a question of Republican-
ism or Imperialism. It is not a question
of free government or despotism. It is a
question of the existence of families and
of society. By the memories of our vir-
tuous mothers, by our love for our wives
and daughters, let us stop these public
outrages, and put under the surveillance of
the police impudic women.

Let us make a remark on the latest
outrage and indecency of "fashion." A
few weeks ago on a muddy day, we saw
walking, some ways before us a pitiable
object. In the distance, it resembled a
poor German peasant-woman, with her
short petticoat coming somewhat below
the knee. (There is nothing immodest in
that peasant dress. The German peasant
walks with her ankles exposed, but there
is no illusive pretense of covering them.)
The poor creature we saw seemed to be
such an one, with a huge clothes line
strung around her on a frame, on which
she seemed to be carrying various gew-
gaws dresses for different people. She
seemed to be the humble errand-girl of
some dress making establishment. On
passing the unhappy creature, we noticed
that she was sailing along with the idea
that the dresses hanging around her shoulders
were her own, and she looked as
modest and unconcerned as if she was
really decently covered. Speaking of it
to those who are au fait in such matters,
we found that such kind of dress is "all
the rage" for sometime past. It is effec-
ted on purpose, by having hoops made
with the sharp and stiff curve at the foot,
that will tilt the dress above, and expose
the legs to the knee. Another "progress"
keeps pace with it. It has been in the
daily papers, but we rarely believe any-
thing we see in them.

One of the latest "fashions" has been to have
dancing soirees at Delmonico's, in Four-
teenth street, "for young people." A
rule of this fashion is that no parents or
guardians are to be admitted. We did
not believe the statement when it was
first made in some of our city papers.—
But we have it now on good authority
that it was true, and that, this past winter,
fathers and mothers have permitted their
daughters to go to those soirees with
young men, to sup and to dance, and to
come home with them at three or four o'-
clock in the morning. Just put it in
plain language: young girls in this city do
not find it a blot on their characters to go
with young men, unaccompanied by their
parents, to a public tavern, to dance and
eat and drink with them, and to come
home with them toward daylight.

The ladies of Bridgeport, Conn., having
organized a gymnastic club, are now per-
plexed to the more lofty exercises.

She wouldn't Marry a Mechanic.

A young man commenced visiting a
young woman, and appeared to be well
pleased. One evening he called when it
was quite late, which led the young lady
to inquire where he had been.

"I had to work to-night."

"What! do you work for a living?"
she inquired in astonishment.

"Certainly," replied the young man, "I
am a mechanic."

"I dislike the name of a mechanic,"
and she turned up her pretty nose.

That was the last time the young man
visited that young woman. He is now a
wealthy man and has one of the best wo-
men in the country for his wife.

The lady who disliked the name of a
mechanic is now the wife of a miserable
fool—a regular vagrant about grog shops
—and the soft, verdant, silly, miserable
girl is obliged to take in washing in or-
der to support herself and children.

You dislike the name of a mechanic,
eh?—you whose brothers are but well-
dressed loafers. We pity any girl who
has so little brains, who is so verdant, so
soft, as to think less of a young man for
being a mechanic—one of God's noble-
men—the most dignified and honorable
personage of God's creatures.

Beware, young ladies, how you treat
young men who work for a living, for you
may one day be menial to one yourself.

Far better to discharge the well-fed
pauper with all his rings, jewels, brazen-
ness and pomposity, and take to your af-
fections the callous-handed, intelligent
and industrious mechanic.

Thousands have bitterly regretted
their folly who have turned their backs
to honesty. A few years have taught
them a severe lesson.

Paying Subscribers.

Blessed is the man who doth subscribe
for his country paper, and pay therefor;
his feet shall not stand on slippery places,
he shall not be forsaken by his friends, or
persecuted by his enemies, nor his children
seen begging.

Blessed is he that walketh to the office
of the printer, yea, even ascendeth to the
sanctum, and payeth a year's subscription
in advance. Selah!

He shall learn wisdom day by day, and
be exalted above his fellows.

He shall talk knowingly upon all sub-
jects, and his neighbors shall be astonished
at the muchness of his learning.

He shall not contract bad debts or lose
good bargains.

He shall not pay an additional percent
on his taxes, for his eyes shall behold the
notice of the collector, and he will take
warning thereby.

Verily, he shall bring his produce to the
market when the prices are exceedingly
good, withhold when the prices descendeth.

He shall not lay hold of red-hot poker,
for his knowledge of metallurgy will teach
him that red-hot iron burns.

His children shall not vex him, nor his
wife wear the breeches.

He shall live to a good old age, and
when his dying hour is at hand his soul
shall not be troubled as to its future state.

And it were better for him that doth
refuse to subscribe for his country paper
that he were bound hand and foot and cast
upon a feather bed.

If perchance he has a moment's peace,
it is only that he may have a little rest ere
the memory of an evil life lacerates his
mind as the good pricks the hide of the
strong ox, so that his punishment may be
long drawn out.

His children shall grow up in wicked-
ness, they shall put their hands to their
tosses, and vex him to wrath, and his wife
shall kick him out of bed. Selah!

How beautifully and truthfully expres-
sed! Oh, that all of our delinquent sub-
scribers could be induced to believe such
pleasant truths! Solomon, with all his
wisdom, never uttered better things, or
more pointed and soul convincing axioms.
The blessings promised are verily true;
and if there be any doubting Thomas, let
them walk into our office, or send by mail
their indebtedness, and we vouchsafe the
blessings a hundred fold. And when de-
parted this life, we will give them obitu-
ary notices free of charge, and wish them
eternal happiness in their new quarters.

At Springfield, Massachusetts, a gentle-
man is said to own a machine which cuts
meat and vegetables, sifts flour, kneads
bread, works a grater, slices fruit, churns,
works batter better than it can be done
by hand, and grinds and scours knives.—
It is simple in construction, and has but
four wheels, and yet does nearly every
thing in the housekeeping line except
spanking the babies, an improvement for
which purpose is now engaging the atten-
tion of the inventor.

McCoole and Coburn.

The coming fight between the great
champions of the prize ring, McCoole and
Coburn, is now the topic of conversation
in sporting circles. The backers of Co-
burn in New York are staking to such an
extent that stock in McCoole has fallen
below par. They will both go into train-
ing quarters early next month, Coburn
near the city of New York, and McCoole
at the old Abbey track in St. Louis, un-
der the handling of Jim Healey and Val.
McKinney. On Tuesday last McCoole
remitted \$2,000 to Frank Queen, stake-
holder, being the second installment of
\$5,000, and making \$3,000 up to this
time. The final installment must be
staked on the 25th of April. Nearly all
the noted pugilist of the country are bet-
ting freely on Coburn.

Indian Outrages.

The San Antonio Herald says three
families of women and children were all
together at the house of one of them, to
remain while the men were gone to mill.
The Indians came to the house, after com-
mitting some depredations among the
stock in the neighborhood, and took away
these women and children, except one
woman, who had attempted to shoot them
on their entering the house, and who was
stabbed to the heart. The smaller chil-
dren, who were unable to travel, were
killed within half a mile of the house.—
That is awful, and we cannot but agree
with the Herald in saying that "the pre-
vailing policy in the treatment of these
Indians should be extermination." This
took place not far from San Antonio.

The Indians are reported all through
Kerr, Kendall and Bandera counties.—
A woman named Wagner was killed by
them near Kerrville last week. A house
was burned by them in the same neigh-
borhood.—Galveston News.

A HORSE BANQUET IN ENGLAND.—A
horse banquet came off very successfully at
the Langham Hotel, London, recently.—
The dining room was decorated with models
of horse heads, and dinner was elegantly
served, although some of the waiters seemed
confused at the strange dishes which they
had to hand around. One expected every
moment to see the picture of a comic paper
realized and to have the head-waiter ex-
claim to the cook, "Tsay, this is the second
time you have left the horse's shoes in the
soup. This won't do, you know!" About
one hundred and fifty guests, the most of
whom were rather squeamish, sat down to
the dinner, and the general verdict was like
the Yankee's verdict on roast monkey, "It's
very good, but I don't thinkerter it again." Photographs of the horses which had been
killed for the banquet were handed about
and also certificates from a veterinary sur-
geon that the animals had been killed in
good health and spirits. One of the horses
was four years old, another twenty, and the
flesh of this pair of cart horses was equal-
ly good, notwithstanding the disparity in
age. The third horse had been worth seven
hundred guineas—nearly five thousand
paper dollars—in his prime, and was cele-
brated as the best brougham horse in—
London.

A DELIGHTFUL CLIME.—The Galle-
ville (Florida) New Era says the winter
in that section has been unusually mild,
there having been but two slight frosts yet.
Cotton blooms are still abundant, and
squash and cucumber vines in flowers, and
ripe tomatoes in many gardens. Peach
trees are beginning to bloom.

WAR VICTIMS.—We find it stated that
the number of Union soldiers whose re-
mains now repose in national cemeteries is
328,000. If we add to these the men
whose bodies were brought home, and
those who came home to die, or who died
at home in consequence of wounds re-
ceived or illnesses contracted while in the
military service, those who were buried
where they fell and have not since been
disturbed, and the seamen who fell in
action or died of wounds or from sickness,
we shall see that the number must be
about half a million. Putting the number
of dead rebels at 300,000, we have a total
of 800,000 men dead as a consequence of
the rebellion.

A HAPPY WOMAN.—A happy woman!
Is she not the very sparkle and sunshine
of life? A woman who is happy because
she can't help it, whose smiles even the
coldest sprinkle of misfortune cannot
dampen. Men make a terrible mistake
when they marry for beauty, for talent,
or for style. The sweetest wives are
those who possess the magic secret of be-
ing contented under any circumstances.
Rich or poor, high or low, it makes no
difference, the bright little fountain of joy
bubbles up just as musically in their
hearts.